He Bit Me (And It Felt Like A Kiss)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7240015.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Vampire, So Blood Warning Really Shouldn't Be Necessary?, And yet, Blood, Alcohol, DrunkenKissesChallenge, Even As A Vampire Hannibal Has Very Little Chill, Vampire Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Love, Blood, and Rhetoric
Collections:	#DrunkenKissesChallenge
Stats:	Published: 2016-06-19 Words: 1,505 Chapters: 1/1

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by damnslippyplanet

Summary

Hannibal’s reached Will’s jaw and his kisses are clean now, the trail of bloody lip-marks faded somewhere around Will’s collarbone. He lingers there for a moment, savoring salt and skin and stubble. Pacing himself, or trying to, but Will’s snaking his unbloodied arm around Hannibal’s neck to urge him upward. Terrible, impatient boy. Hurried as any human, all heat and no perspective. Of course, he is not *any* human. And so Hannibal lets himself be tugged and shifted until their mouths meet.

Or: A little interlude in my Love, Blood, & Rhetoric vampire-'verse, for the sake of the Drunken Kisses challenge.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“You’re probably not supposed to be doing this when I’m like this.”

By which Will means: *I am uncharacteristically drunk, we both know that technically vampires who are claiming to function as upright members of society do not feed on the incapacitated, we both know that you’re going to, and we both know that I’m going to like it* .

Will appears to be trying for something like a come-hither glance, but it’s not entirely working. His expressive face turns out to be even more expressive when he’s properly drunk, but not in a way he seems entirely in control of. His eyebrows are doing things independent of each other.

It’s adorable, but he wouldn’t appreciate being told so. Hannibal represses the urge.

“I stopped worrying about what I was supposed to do,” he says instead, “around the time you stopped pretending you wanted me to behave myself.”

He lets Will’s booze-soaked brain process that one for a bit while he settles him into the bed, shoos the dogs away, and returns to stretch out beside him. He nuzzles at Will’s pulse where it beats close at the surface of his skin, content with that alone for now. The steady reassuring thud of it; the sweat and heat of him close by.

It’s discomfiting, how unused Hannibal is growing to sleeping alone, to the cool and quiet and still of his room when Will isn’t there. No heartbeats; no breath stirring the air.

Here in Will’s house, full of vitality and mess and easily a half-dozen heartbeats but only one Hannibal cares for, Will grins, loose and easy the way he so rarely is. He wriggles closer. “You’re better like this. When you’re not behaving.”

I’m only like this for you , Hannibal thinks but doesn’t say. He’s still feeling out the edges of this bottomless hunger for a human, for the first time in decades. There’s a perilous tenderness in him for Will Graham; a constant awareness of the man’s fragile mortality. Conflicting urges surge and ebb within him: to protect and tend, to feed and destroy. Choosing to nurture some of these urges at the cost of others doesn’t make the others go away.

Dangerous to admit to any of it. Easier to act - to nudge Will into turning his head enough to kiss, sweet and slow and whiskey-tinged. One kiss melts into a second and a third. Will doesn’t need any further nudging to open his mouth to Hannibal’s tongue, to roll over onto his back without ever breaking what has become a whole series of kisses.

Will tastes of whiskey often enough that Hannibal thinks of it as just one more note in the normal symphony of *Will* , but it’s a louder note than usual tonight. A stronger taste, and a languidness in Will’s reactions that usually only comes later. It’s an interesting difference, to be savored and preserved in Hannibal’s memories later.

Right now, he’s *hungry* .

He passes over the more obvious choice of Will's throat, pausing to savor the pulse there but not to bite. He catches a bit of skin over Will's clavicle with his teeth but doesn't pierce, preferring instead the soft noise of protest he elicits by moving on instead. Over the planes and muscles of his chest and upper arm, following the ley lines of Will's blood where it calls to him, down to the crook of Will's elbow.

It's not his preferred feeding spot, but it was the first - easy enough to cover up with a band-aid and an offhanded mention of a routine checkup, not too intimate, difficult to draw too much unintentionally. An easy choice for two uneasy people, uncertain what, precisely, they were embarking upon. There's a resonance for Hannibal, still.

The only warning he gives is the pressure of his hand closing around Will's upper arm to hold him still before he sinks his fangs, fast and precise. Will jerks and then goes limp, under Hannibal's hand and teeth.

That first time, Will had been all jangling nerves and uncertainty, sharp jokes and sharper edges. He has no sharp edges now. He's close to boneless, eyes heavy-lidded, the line of him sinuous and perfect.

He tastes of himself, always, shot through with traces of whatever he's been eating or drinking and with other subtler alterations that Hannibal can't trace to any one source. Will's mood, perhaps. His sleep, or stress, or unknown other factors. Hannibal's rarely felt any one person worth keeping long enough to test such theories.

Today he can taste, perhaps not the whiskey itself, but a sort of shadow it casts into Will's blood. A sting in the throat, a sense of something earthy. Different but not unpleasant.

They drift for a long, shapeless time, just like that - Will rapt and dreamy and muttering the occasional plea or curse, Hannibal sating his hunger in long deep swallows that burn their way into his belly and warm him from the inside out. It's some time before he's aware that there's a lift and giddiness in him that's above and beyond the euphoria that feeding from Will always produces.

When he lifts his head from Will's arm to lap gently at the mark of his fangs, the room spins dizzily and takes a moment to right itself. It eventually settles, though, just as it should - with Will at its center, his blood running inside both of them now. The rest of the room can sort itself out upside down, for all he cares.

One more sweep of his tongue over the bright crimson beads still welling up against Will's skin, and then he pulls himself back up on the bed to push Will's hair back from his face with a hand that's not as steady as it might be.

Will blinks at him, hazy. "Why'd you stop? Something wrong?"

Will confused is also adorable. Hannibal would like to kiss the perplexed furrows from his brow. He would like to put him in a cage and keep him there forever, or as close to forever as humans last. He would like to eat his entrails. He's a little worried that if he lets himself drink enough from Will's whiskeyed veins to get truly drunk, he may lose the iron grip on his tongue that has, thus far, prevented him from expressing such thoughts aloud.

“I’m pacing myself,” he says instead, pressing a kiss to Will’s bare shoulder and enjoying the bloody imprint his lips leave there. “It wouldn’t do to get too drunk on you this evening.”

It’s shockingly rude, the snort of laughter Will lets out at that. Rude enough to end badly for him, were he someone else and not the focus of most of Hannibal’s hungers, and what passes for Hannibal’s dreams.

“I still can’t tell when you’re talking in metaphors.”

“Ask if you’re not sure.” He kisses a little further over on Will’s shoulder, leaves a lighter imprint, and begins to work his way up toward Will’s mouth to see where the blood will fade altogether. He manages a word or two in between kisses. “Often it’s both. I could get quite literally drunk on your blood right now, my dear. But it would pass quickly; we filter toxins rapidly. It makes us hard to poison. One of the reasons we live so long.”

“So I could get you drunk but you wouldn’t stay that way.” Hannibal can practically hear Will’s mind whirring away at this new information; drunk or not, he’s filing it away for future study.

“Precisely. I’m only feeling it a little right now. In a few minutes it will pass.”

“And then you’ll drink more. Because you’re...pacing yourself.”

Hannibal’s reached Will’s jaw and his kisses are clean now, the trail of bloody lip-marks faded somewhere around Will’s collarbone. He lingers there for a moment, savoring salt and skin and stubble. Pacing himself, or trying to, but Will’s snaking his unbloodied arm around Hannibal’s neck to urge him upward.

Terrible, impatient boy. Hurried as any human, all heat and no perspective.

Of course, he is not *any* human. And so Hannibal lets himself be tugged and shifted until their mouths meet. He lets Will take over the kiss, still tasting of whiskey and now also faintly of blood. He closes his eyes and even so he can still feel the world spinning on its axis, whirling around the rumpled bed where Will presses him down and back. He goes as if he had no choice in the matter, as if he could not, should he choose to do so, break Will in half without straining a muscle.

He goes where Will wants him, into the wet heat and slide and lazy satisfaction of kissing, and aimless rutting, and pacing themselves for a long night ahead with dawn impossibly far away. He goes as if they have world enough and time, as if the whiskey and the kisses will never run out. As if this one, oh, this one, might never grow old and die.

End Notes

The authoress disclaims:

1) Ugh, I know, "He Hit Me And It Felt Like A Kiss" is possibly the most horrifying song ever written. And yet I couldn't resist the pun. Apparently this entire 'verse is going to be an endless series of bad pun titles.

2) Yes, yes, over the suggested word limit. To butcher a famous quote, "If I'd had enough time, i'd have written you a shorter fic."

3) I did not know until I wrote this that Hannibal does not have as much chill as he was pretending to in the first installment of this 'verse. The things we learn from assigned topic challenges! Apparently he has a lot of Feelings about Will's mortality, so that's going to be a fun conversation for the two of them to have someday.

4) As always, you can come praise / pet / question / yell at me over on Tumblr, if you like.

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